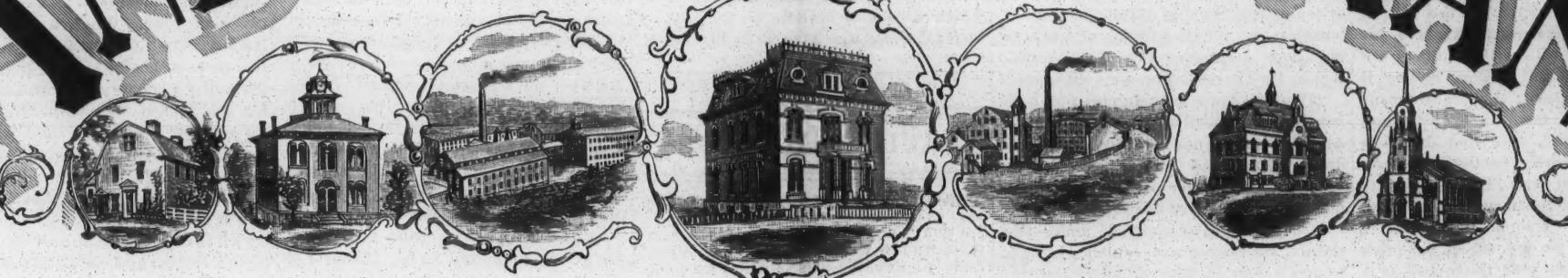


THE ANDOVER TOWNSMAN



Andover, everywhere and always, first, last, she has been the manly, straight-forward, sober, patriotic, New England Town.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

VOL. I.

ANDOVER, MASS., JANUARY 27, 1888.

NO. 16

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Summary of Daily News.

FRIDAY, Jan. 20.

Express from Montreal derailed, while passing the station at East Concord, N. H., and runs into the freight house; engineer and firemen injured; cause, the breaking of flange on one of the trucks.

East-bound train over Minitola Road in Minnesota thrown from track; express messenger killed, and several passengers injured.

O'Brien liberated from Tuilamore jail, and enthusiastically received in Dublin.

Young Nowlin executed at East Cambridge jail for execution of his employer, Geo. A. Codman of Somerville, last January.

Reunion of Mass. 24th, and of Co. A, Mass. 45th, at Boston.

\$100,000 fire at Pittsburg, Pa.; court house at Mobile, Ala. burned.

SATURDAY, Jan. 21.

Middlesex Club entertains Col. Fred. D. Grant.

Early train southward on the Wilton branch of the Boston and Lowell Road thrown off the track near Amherst station; no serious injury to any one.

Fires: Boarding house in Tower, Minn., fourteen men perishing; coffee-mills and other buildings in Montreal, \$300,000; store and dwelling in Guilford, Me.; great shipyards at Granville, near Havre, France.

At Limestone, Indian Territory, four robbers, armed and masked, rob the bank and kill the cashier; citizens come to the rescue, capture the robbers, and lynch the murderer.

SUNDAY, Jan. 22.

Coldest day of the season in New England; 16° below in Andover.

Fires: Holyoke Envelope Company and other works, \$325,000; apartment house in Chicago, inmates taken out in unconscious condition; store house and dwelling in Saxton's River, Vt.; Central Baptist church at Middleboro.

MONDAY, Jan. 23.

Train runs off the track at Warren Summit, N. H., on Boston, Concord & Montreal R. R., demolishing one car, but injuring no one; broken rail.

Four men killed and others badly hurt on Delaware & Hudson R. R., near Salem, N. Y., a part of the train being derailed and thrown down an embankment.

Another accident still at So. Royalton, Vt., a smoking car getting off the track and running off a steep bank; injuries comparatively slight.

Speaker Carlisle secures his seat in the House of Representatives, by a strict party vote.

Fires: Philadelphia, \$1,500,000; Catholic parsonage in Bridgeport, Ct.; railroad round-house and repair shop at St. Johnsbury, Vt., wine-cellar in Put In Bay, Ohio; high school building in Westminster, Mass., formerly Westminster Academy, \$2,500.

Colliery explosion at Victoria, B. C.; 90 lives lost.

TUESDAY, Jan. 24.

Another blizzard in Dakota—mercury 60° below zero, wind 40 miles an hour.

Great snow storm in Nova Scotia.

Marshall MacDonald of Washington appointed commissioner of Fish and Fisheries.

Fires: two dwelling houses in Providence;

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 25.

Resolve for prohibitory amendment to our State Constitution passes the House, 157 to 74; all the republicans but six voted for it, and all the democrats but four voted against it.

The Beverly division question begun again in a hearing before the legislature.

Mr. Cyrus Wakefield of Wakefield, a prominent, wealthy, and generous man, dies of heart disease while riding from the station to his residence.

A rum seller in New Canaan, Ct., shoots a constable who was attempting to arrest him and then kills himself.

Fires: in soap and candle factory, Cambridge, \$8,000; in William St., New York, \$50,000; farm house and buildings in Canterbury, N. H.; in Newark, O., \$150,000.

THURSDAY, Jan. 26.

Severe storm all over Northern New England; railroad badly blockaded.

Some of the Pennsylvania colliers renewing work.

U. S. Senate passes the pension bill for widows of Generals Logan and Blair.

Various News Items.

Thursday, Jan. 19, was Massachusetts Day in the House of Representatives at Washington, the portraits of her four sons who have been speakers of that body being formally presented and received. Gov. Long made an eloquent introductory speech, Col. Rockwell presented the portrait of Theodore Sedgwick, Mr. Hayden that of Gen. Banks, Gen. Collins and Henry Cabot Lodge speaking of Robert C. Winthrop. Our own representative, Hon. Chas. H. Allen of Lowell, in a very appropriate and eloquent speech, presented the picture of Gen. Joseph Bradley Varnum of Dracut, a soldier, patriot and statesman. Ex-speaker Randall received the portraits with patriotic words, and Col. Breckinridge of Kentucky capped the climax of fervid and felicitous eloquence by his glowing tribute to Massachusetts.

The report of deaths by freezing in the recent terrible storm in the Northwest, instead of being exaggerated, is now said to be greatly under-estimated. The number of lives lost in Dakota alone is reckoned to be over 1000. Many additional cases are recounted of suffering and bewilderment, showing the intensity of the cold and the blinding effect of the storm. One woman attempted to reach her barn, a hundred feet from the house, and was found frozen seven miles from home. One terrible experience of suffering is reported close at home. Henry Battan, a Swampscott fisherman, got astray last Friday while tending his trawls in Ipswich Bay. He was picked up in his dory Saturday, after thirty-six hours of exposure in a bitter gale. He was so frozen as to be unable to help himself, and was only rescued by the captain of the rescuing vessel, who happened to discover him, throwing the bight of a rope over him and hauling him on board.

Two professional fighters had a contest on Long Island last Sabbath morning. Tom White gave Bill Dempsey a terrible blow in his stomach, causing his death in a little while. Why then should not Tom White be tried, sentenced, and executed as a murderer?

P. S. But, instead of that, the coroner's jury declared that death resulted from a

shock, and the murderer was exonerated and discharged.

One death has occurred the past week which will bring tender recollections to American hearts—that of Mrs. Eliza Ballou Garfield, mother of the assassinated president, who passed away at his old home in Mentor, Ohio, on Saturday last, at the age of eighty-six. Born in New Hampshire, going west as a child, left a widow while still a young woman, she carried on the farm in the wilderness with her own hands, paid off the debts, and brought up her four children in a grand and Christian way. All will remember Gen. Garfield's beautiful act at the close of the ceremony of his inauguration, in turning and kissing his aged mother, as well as the fortitude with which she bore the long trial of his sickness. She was buried on Tuesday in Lake View Cemetery, Cleveland, O., by the side of President Garfield.

CHIPS AND CLIPS.

A man in Georgia recently picked up his pocket book which he had dropped from his coat in his barn, and laid it for a moment in the manger, whereupon his horse quietly swallowed it, with its \$400 in greenbacks. "If money makes the mare go," what a fast trotter that man will have!

A citizen of Stoughton has for the last quarter of a century taken a bath at six o'clock every morning in an open spring upon his farm, kept up the practice last Monday morning, although the mercury stood at 15° below zero. Our opinion of that party is expressed in the words addressed by the old farmer to a favorite ram, who was killed on the railroad track after a desperate struggle with the locomotive: "I respect your courage, but confound your judgment!"

Virginia, according to the statistics, is the leading peanut-bearing state. But what a fall is that, my countrymen, from the mother of Presidents to the banner state for raising gouters!

"Boy," said a schoolmaster, putting his hand on the boy's shoulder, "I believe Satan has got hold of you." "I believe so, too," replied the boy.—*Ex.*

Prof. Chatterleigh—"By George! I'm so hungry I can't talk." Fair Hostess (on hospitable thoughts intent)—"Oh, I'm so glad!" —*Punch.*

—The New York girl speaks of an afternoon tea as an "oolong and hyson matinee." The New York man alludes to it as an afternoon tedium.

Brown's family are quite alarmed. He comes home now so dizzy; When asked the cause he thus replies, "I'm busy, very busy."

But now the problem has been solved Why he has been so giddy; He writes so many 88, 88, 88, It makes his head unsteady.

—*Transcript.*

"The great public schools, May their influence spread Till statesmen use grammar And dunces are dead! Till no one dare say In this land of the free 'I done' for 'I did,' Or 'It's her' for 'It's she.'"

—*Exchange.*

Hickery, dickery, dock, What's the matter with the Old South clock?

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

The Liquor Traffic in North Andover.

Dear Editor of the Townsman:

In starting your paper you kindly invited me to use its columns whenever I wished, and I will avail myself of this medium to address a few words to my fellow-townsmen in North Andover. They will recognize that we are pledged to the entire suppression of the sale of liquor containing more than three per cent of alcohol, within the limits of our township during the year. Selling is illegal, unless licensed; this year we made it law for our town that no selling should be licensed, save that druggists might sell for strictly medical, mechanical, and chemical uses. It is as illegal to sell liquor in this town, as it is to steal. We are pledged to suppress the sale of liquor, as much as we are to suppress stealing. For this year the question is not before us, whether we regard this the best law, but whether we will be loyal to the law that is.

I only speak what all my fellow townsmen well know, when I say that there are men in our town who utterly disregard this law which prohibits the sale of liquor and who defy it just so far as they dare risk its penalty. If open selling proves dangerous they resort to secret selling. If secret selling be dangerous, they compass the contempt of the law by pretence and falsity of all kinds which may serve their purpose. The law does not please them, hence they will not obey it, if obedience can be safely avoided. If all law were to be so treated by every citizen who did not like it, it is easy to see that anarchy would at once prevail.

It is important, my fellow citizens, that we define to ourselves, and to all we may influence, that our laws must be obeyed, no matter whether they are liked or not; that law-breakers should be looked upon and a mark set upon them as public enemies—as a dangerous class in any community. Personal relations must be set aside, must be overcome by the true citizen in loyalty to law; for the law once brought into contempt, we have no more guarantee for any of the good which we are wont to believe comes from liberty. When it is apparent that a determined effort will be made by any to set law at naught, a more determined effort should be made by loyal citizens, to exalt the majesty and authority of law. Our laws are made by ourselves; defiance of them is insult to the law-making citizens; a menace to any good government. Our laws also are executed by ourselves. We choose those who shall represent us in such executive service, and they are our own right arm. When they are weak, or find peculiar opposition, we should rise to their support. We should brace them, nerve them anew. Special difficulty has been found by our officers in executing our no-sale liquor law. Some tell us the main difficulty is with the officers that they do not want to execute this law. Let us hope this is not so for what should be the public judgment on an officer who is put in his place to execute law without any reference to whether he likes the law or not; and who, moreover, accepts the trust and takes a solemn oath to be true to that trust? Falsity to that trust, or luke-warmness in it, is inexcusable.

Whatever the cause, difficulty has been found. And a movement was started some months since to reinforce these officers. But, fellow townsmen, I submit there has been a supineness on the part of the citizens of the town in response to the call to rally in support of our laws which is far from worthy of us. Numbers of men among us have not been heard to give a word in support of such an effort, much less answer to the call to join this association of citizens. It is lately thrown in our faces that this law can, with impunity, be defied. But though very few compared with the total voting population of our town, these few who have associated themselves to uphold the law are determined. And some of the boasting law defiers have been silenced, until it is safe to say that it is not deemed the safest thing now in our town to disregard this law. But we need an uprising of our citizens to show a front of determination to law breakers among us that shall convince

them that laws, in this town, cannot be trampled upon with impunity.

We need also a healthy sentiment of loyalty which brands law breakers, not with a character of respectability, or semi-respectability, but as enemies of the community—unworthy of its favor or its benefits. There should be no misplaced sympathy or sickly sentimentality. "Cooper," for example, has been arraigned and convicted under indictment for keeping a liquor nuisance. The statute reads as follows (Revised Statutes, chapter 101, Sections 6 and 7): "All buildings, places, or tenements, resorted to for prostitution, lewdness, or illegal gaming, or used for the illegal keeping or sale of intoxicating liquor, shall be deemed common nuisances."

"Whoever keeps or maintains such common nuisances shall be punished by fine of not less than fifty nor more than one hundred dollars, and imprisonment in the house of correction for not less than three nor more than twelve months."

"Cooper" was convicted under that statute, but Cooper was sentenced simply to pay a fine of fifty dollars. But the only statute giving to a judge the right to change the sentence in the above statutes is Chap. 215 Sec. 8 of the Revised Statutes, which reads:

"When an offence is punishable by fine and imprisonment in the jail or by fine and imprisonment in the house of correction, the offenders may, at the discretion of the court, be sentenced to such imprisonment without the fine or by such fine without the imprisonment in all cases when he shows to the satisfaction of the court that he has not before been convicted of a similar offense."

But did "Cooper," convicted under this act, show that he had not been convicted before of similar offense? Not at all! Could he show it? He could not, for the record is in the court that he has been before convicted of similar offense. Under the statutes, therefore, "Cooper" should have been sentenced to a fine of not less than fifty dollars and imprisonment in the house of correction for not less than three months. The judge had no option in the matter under the statute. "Cooper" ought to be in the house of correction to-day, and the law abiding and law honoring citizens of our town have a right to be indignant that he is not there, to meditate what ought to be the sentiment of his townsmen toward him who attempts to set at naught law by selling intoxicating liquor from Moxie bottles and beef tea tins. I have nothing personal against "Cooper." I do not know the man personally. I speak from the standpoint of a citizen. I am indignant and I claim my fellow citizens have a right to be indignant that the clear requirement of the statute was not followed in sentencing this old offender;—this previously convicted offender;—this offender whom a previous board of Selectmen refused to intrust with a license when it was legal to give him a license, because he was not fit to have one, as he sold to children. Would that the citizens of our town would make it so uncomfortable for such a man to remain among us that residence here would be a house of correction.

And there is another old offender arraigned under these same statutes—Mrs. Dwane, and being tried before another judge, conviction was speedy and the sentence such as the statute calls for, \$75 fine and three months imprisonment in the House of Correction. The judge had no option. Mrs. Dwane is on record in that court for conviction for a similar offence a few months since. And now we hear of sympathy for Mrs. Dwane because she is a woman. "It is a pity she should be imprisoned and Cooper (if possible a worse offender) go free." "It is a pity that this woman, a widow, and a mother of four fatherless children should be imprisoned. What will become of her poor children?" It is a pity! but the pity is she did not act more as a woman ought to act; that she did not show herself more a widow indeed; that she had not more sense of her responsibility as the mother of fatherless children.

Let us not forget how she treated the clemency of the court toward her but a few months ago. She at once again used her grocery store as a blind to evade the law which had dealt leniently. She has no scruple in hastening other women into widowhood by one of the quickest and surest of all ways, to furnish husbands

with this drink which maddens and kills them. Her children, it is to be feared, have had but a sorry tutelage for future citizenship, under a persistent law-breaking mother.

"Pity is golden! let us have it! but not a misplaced, sickly, sentimental pity, but a true pity which considers those who are beguiled into temptation too strong for them by heartless harpies, who seem to rate human life as if no more value than the life of a dog, of estimation only as they may serve themselves of it. Let us have a healthy tone of citizenship here, which does not hesitate to make law a terror to those who have no honor for it.

Yours truly,

H. H. LEAVITT.

AULD LANG-SYNE.

Anti-slavery in Andover fifty years ago.

From "The Pioneer Preacher," which we noticed a few weeks ago, as the autobiography of Rev. Sherlock Bristol, we make an interesting extract below, describing the author's experience in the Academy boys debating society (Philo?), in the discussion of anti-slavery. The sequel to this story is given also, which we shall print next week. The Methodist church—as all our old readers know—stood on the site now occupied by the Cutter house on Main St., recently purchased by Miss Handy. The minister was Rev. Shipley W. Wilson, and the house where he lived the Joseph Richardson house next south of Dean's block. Mr. John Harding, Mr. Joseph Abbott, and others remember well that and subsequent lectures by the eloquent abolitionist agitator of that time. At the close of the lecture, he gave opportunity for questions to be asked, which was fully improved. One of the questions it is remembered, was asked by Dea. Abram Gould, "Mr. Thompson, if you had the power would you set all the slaves free to-morrow?" "No," thundered the lecturer. "I would set them free to-night!" We would be glad to publish any reminiscences of that early stage in the anti-slavery struggle. As a matter of fact, young Bristol entered the Academy Dec. 18, 1833, at the age of 18. Right below his name on the old Academy register is "John Gulliver, Boston, 14."

The following spring, under the advice of my pastor, I went to Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass. When I arrived there I had but seven dollars in my pocket. Out of this I had to pay a five dollar entrance fee; this left me but two dollars with which to commence a two years' course of study in a place where I knew not a soul, and where I had no friend save the Lord. But I was kindly received and trusted, even to my board in the commons. Work fell into my hands immediately, such as sawing wood, gardening, well-digging, chopping wood, etc. These jobs I did between school hours, on Saturdays and in vacations. After a couple of terms friends began to appear to help me. The Education Society gave me \$60 a year. The church in my native town hearing a good report from my teachers, of my life and progress, voted me an annual aid of \$50. I was progressing finely and had nearly completed my preparation for college when an event occurred which for a time blasted all my hopes and prospects of entering college the following autumn, at least.

The literary society in the Academy to which I belonged had selected as a question for discussion, this: "Is the American Colonization Society competent to deal with the matter of American Slavery?" I was appointed to speak on the affirmative, one Horace Eaton on the negative. The Colonization Society, presided over by Hon. Henry Clay, was immensely popular, North and South, and nowhere more so than in the churches and among ministers. It was Janus faced, it looked in two opposite directions. In the Northern States it was looked upon as the great antidote for the evil of slavery. It was to establish a colony of freed men on the coast of Liberia, Africa, and there it was to transport black people, so fast as they could be freed, and educate and Christianize them. More and more were to be transported, year by year, till by and by every negro should be restored to Africa, and that country was to be civilized and evangelized. In the slave States it was regarded a happy scheme for getting rid of black men who were free, and carrying them out of sight of their brethren in bonds; no more to incite the slave to run away or to shield and shelter him after he had fled. I regarded myself as a colonizationist, but I hated slavery. The stories

my father had told of slave hunts with hounds and horses, and shot guns and pistols; the scenes of slave auctions and whippings and brandings; though they seemed necessary to him, and in the main right, they grated harshly on my ear. Indignantly I asked "What for?" and denounced the cruelty, and claimed the slave had as good a right to liberty as his master. No casuistry had yet been allowed to impose on my common sense, or override my spontaneous sense of justice.

Well, such was the question we were to discuss. I was expected to make a good showing for the popular side, colonization. Documents were at hand and I thought I made a fair speech, but Eaton handled my arguments without gloves. He was not a genial speaker, but his logic was to my mind quite forcible. I replied to him and was applauded, the sympathies were all on my side, but I went home dissatisfied. The debate was adjourned over to the next week, and I was to open it on that evening. During the week I was greatly perplexed in my endeavor to answer Eaton, and sustain colonization. Brief after brief I constructed and then threw away. At last I began to feel that I was fighting against the truth. I knelt and asked the Lord to show me the truth, and promised I would receive it and advocate it whatever it might cost. Within a few hours all was clear, the fallacy of the colonization scheme, and the duty of immediate emancipation. Then there passed before me the cost of the step I had taken, the loss of friends, of reputation, of pecuniary helps, perhaps the necessity of giving up further study, possibly the ministry, too, to which I was looking forward. What else the step involved who could tell! I kept my counsels. The evening for opening the discussion came on. What a pressure was on me! I opened the debate and took up Mr. Eaton's argument No. 1, examined it carefully, and at length, as I laid it down, said: "Candor compels me to confess that, so far as I can see, that argument is a good one, and I have no heart to dispute it." Eaton left his seat and came and sat down before me, and looked me fully in the face. I then took up argument No. 2, reviewed and accepted that also. Eaton's eyes brightened and he moved a little nearer. I then reviewed some of my own arguments of the evening previous, and showed their fallacy, and how unsatisfactory they were. I then laid down my brief and told to my astonished schoolmates the story of my perplexity during the week, my prayer for light, my promise to the Lord to follow the light, to confess it, to stand by it at any cost, however great. How also, thereupon, the light came in, and I saw the matter as I never saw it before. I then announced myself an Abolitionist, with all the losses of good name and friends it might imply. Eaton could stand it no longer; springing to his feet, he embraced me and cried out, "Thank God for an honest man!"

I had many friends in the institution, and they did not desert me. Very candidly they conversed with me; one after another came over to our views, till, within two or three months, a majority of our 200 students in the academy preparing for college, more than one-half, were avowed Abolitionists! At this juncture, George Thompson, the famous English anti-slavery orator, visited Andover. He was advertised to lecture in the Methodist Church. I think no other church could be secured for him. A mob had just driven him from Boston, and wherever he went the hand of violence was raised against him. It was hoped he could be quietly heard in Andover. Was it not the school of the Prophets and noted for its morality and for its religious spirit? So Thompson came; but, as with Paul, bonds and affliction awaited him there. A railroad was being built through the place. The contractor was a rough pro-slavery character, and not a few roughs were in his employ. It was boldly given out that a mob would break up the meeting and probably tar and feather Mr. Thompson. The anti-slavery students got wind of it, and armed with heavy hickory clubs, which they used as staves, they were at the chapel as soon as the doors were opened and took possession of a couple of tiers of front seats, which formed nearly a semicircle around the pulpit. As the house filled up the ushers besought us to vacate them and give place to ladies, but we knew our business, and not one of

us could be ousted. There were about fifty of us, nearly all over twenty, the most of us farmers' sons, and with our long staves or clubs standing erect by our sides, I imagine the mobocratic portion of the audience studied us rather carefully. The speech was surpassingly eloquent. I remember some of its passages, one of them, his apostrophe to America, was very striking; it began with: "America! America! Thou art the anointed cherub, God's darling child! Apart from the nations God hath set thee! etc." It fairly raised the audience to its feet. The lecture was two hours long. When it closed, in an instant every light was blown out, and the mob rushed for the pulpit. But those fifty students closed around Thompson and Wilson the Methodist minister, in phalanx so compact, and with clubs brandished so threateningly that the mob kept at respectful distance and finally dispersed. We saw Wilson and Thompson safe at home. After consultation it was agreed that six should stay down town (South Parish) and patrol the streets till morning. One should take his station half way up the hill toward the Seminary, another should take his stand at the corner leading to the dormitories of the classical school, the rest should retire to their rooms and sleep with their clothes on, ready for emergencies. I was one of the six who staid down town. I and my companion went into a vacant lot and concealed ourselves. After an hour or so a signal whistle was blown in a distant part of the town. It was answered by another, and then by a third close by us. We went for him with all speed, but he ran like a deer and we lost him. We sounded the alarm! It was taken up by the man half way up the hill, he sent it to the man at the corner, and he aroused the dormitories. Our squad of six guards rushed for Wilson's house and held at bay the gathering mob. Scarcely had we got there before we heard the tramp, tramp, tramp of a hundred students dashing down Andover hill at a two-forty pace. And it sounded out on the still hour of night like the coming of a regiment of cavalry. The mob, most of whom were Irish, listened a moment, then broke and fled in every direction. Thus was Andover saved from a crime against one of the noblest of men, which long years of penance could scarce have washed away.

Mr. John T. Marland, writing from Cleveland, Ohio, thinks the TOWNSMAN "a very nice paper," and, referring to the article published in this column, Jan. 6, on The Old Railroad, says: "The true cause of the change of the Boston and Maine R. R. was to lower the grade in order to reach the city of Lawrence; the change began below Ballardvale."

The Old Man's Retrospect.

BY REV. DR. J. H. TOWNE.

"They are but the shadows of passing clouds, these fitful flames."—Anon.

My life is but a withered leaf,
A blossom by the wayside strewn;
The dreams that danced before my eye
In other, brighter days have flown.

On field and flower, on hill and stream,
A shadow rests, without a gleam
Of merry sunshine gliding o'er
The paths I trod so gay before!

Has nature changed? or is the gloom
That deepens o'er her scenes, in "No!"
A sadness of the heart, which spreads
Its trailing mists o'er land and sea?

Ah, not in nature! Other eyes
See beauty in her evening skies;
And mountain crags; and in her notes
Of bird and brook, wild music floats
To other ears, as once to mine:—

O'er me the change has passed, o'er me,
Fair, glorious nature, not o'er thee!—
Of blighted hopes is wove the spell,
That dimmed the scenes I loved so well!

O give me back my boyhood's dreams
When life was young, and hills and streams
And fields and flowers, shall be as then,
And birds shall sing old songs again!

O give me back the friends I knew,
The playmates of my early years,
When hours on golden pinions flew,
And tears were only April tears!

The brook by whose sweet banks I strayed,
With hook and line, in careless joy,
Shall babble over former tales,
And I shall be once more a boy!

Vain thoughts, be still! Why fondly sigh
For joys that with youth's visions fade?
Fly, Hope, beyond this changing sky,
To realms of light no cloud shall shade!

Andover, Jan. 1888.

CHILDREN'S CIRCLE.

We have turned the soldiers out of camp and the old folks out of House and Home so as to give the children plenty of room this week.

One More Christmas Letter.

I thought I would write and get you what I got for Christmas. I had a box of writing-paper, a jack-knife and a memorandum, two books, and a number of cards and an ornament pug dog and two collars. This is all. Good-by. F. S.

That Question Box.

It was fastened up, you know, children, on the ninth of December, and one question out of it printed, viz. *When, where, and by whom was the first ship in America made?* But ever since, the Christmas stocking, with its requests and reports, has taken the place of the box, and American ships have had no kind of chance. But now the Christmas letters are all printed, including one above, which some way was left out before, we will open the box, and see what questions and letters there are in it.

We were very much interested in that ship question; for we remember (what a funny thing it is for editors and kings and queens to say "we," when all the time they mean "I")—we remember writing a composition when we were a boy of nine years old, on that very subject of ships. We began with Noah's ship, and came straight down the stream of time, commencing every sentence with: "The next craft I remember reading about was," etc. It was our first or second attempt, and probably sounded very tame to the older scholars; for a young lady who went to the same school asked us, with a peculiar accent, as we were coming home that Wednesday afternoon: *What is the next craft you remember about?* That made us feel very bad, and we said we would never write another composition in our life, no, never—but we did! Perhaps there is a little moral hidden under this for the older boys and girls. If it was not such cold weather, we would ransack the attic, and see if in some old trunk of boyhood papers we could not find that composition, for it would doubtless answer the question!

We suppose the Circleers know that, properly, a ship is a three-masted vessel, with square-rigged sails; the masts being called the foremast, mainmast and mizzenmast. Besides these sails (the fores'l, mains'l and mizzen), there are a lot of sails abft, top-sails, and topgallant sails, and royals—we should not dare to name them all, lest Commander Strong, or some other old sailor, should say we had them wrong. But probably the class meant by ship any kind of vessel. There is a tradition on Cape Ann that a vessel was built there by Captain Robinson, about 1713, of a new rig, and that when she was launched some one shouted, "Oh, how she scoons!" and the captain replied, "A schooner let her be!" Of course, the children know that a schooner has two masts—foremost and mainmast, with fores'l, mains'l, stays'l, gaff-tops'l, jib, generally a flying-jib, and sometimes a jib-o-jib. The Circleers will find an amusing dialogue on the sixth page about the different kinds of vessels; and if any of the boys wish to see an illustrated account of all the sails, let them call at the editor's office. But in our letter box is this answer:

To the Editor of the Townsman:

In the issue of Dec. 9 the question is asked as to the building of the first ship in America. I think the true answer is: 1631, on the Mystic River, by Governor Winthrop, 30 tons.

A. J.

The name of that little vessel was *The Blessing of the Bay*, and it was built, as we suppose, in what is now Medford, which has since been so famous for its ship-building, but whether it had one mast or two masts we do not know. A boy told us on the street the other day—we suppose he belonged to the second class in the Grammar, which asked the question,—that he had the true answer to it. Let him tell whether the above is correct. And if any other classes or children have any questions, drop them in the box.

My Pet.

It was a rather unusual pet; for my pet was a pig. He was never larger than a cat, and he was taught to play like a dog. I named him Solomon; he knew his name as well as I did. He thought he was too good to eat with his brothers. I had to feed him in a dish, or he would not eat at all; and when we played hide and seek I could never hide, because Solomon would run after me and let them know where I was.

But the fun of it was, when we would not feed him he would sit outside the window and howl. One day I had company and we were all sitting quietly; I heard something snuffing at the door, and opening the door there was Solomon; and that was the last visit I had from Solomon, for he pined away and died. Over his grave I placed a stone. And that stone remains there still. JOSEPH N. Scotland District.

The Children's Riding Song.

Pace, pace, pace—
That's the way the ladies ride,
Foot hung down the pony's side—
Pacing gently into town
To buy a bonnet or a gown;
Pacing up the narrow street,
Smiling at the folks they meet—
That's the way the ladies ride,
Foot hung down the pony's side—
Pace, pace, pace.

Trot, trot, trot—
That's the way the gentlemen ride,
O'er the horse's back astride—
Trot, trot, trot.
Riding after fox and hound,
Leaping o'er the meadow's bound,
Trotting through the woods in spring,
Where the little wild birds sing—
That's the way the gentlemen ride,
O'er the horse's back astride—
Trot, trot, trot.

Rock, rock, rock—
That's the way the sailors ride,
Rock and reel from side to side—
Rock, rock, rock.
Jack Tar thinks he's on the seas,
Tossing in a northern breeze;
Thinks that he must veer and tack
When he mounts a horse's back;
Rocking east and rocking west,
Jack Tar rides, dressed in his best—
Rock, rock, rock.

Sleep, sleep, sleep—
That's the way boy Ned will ride,
Floating on the slumber tide—
Sleep, sleep, sleep.
Out upon the drowsy sea,
Where the sweet dream blossoms be,
Far away to Sleepy Isle
Sails boy Ned. "Good night," he smiles;
Sinking down in pillows deep,
Little Ned is fast asleep—
Sleep, sleep, sleep.
—Good Housekeeping.

Another Question.

What year and by whose order were apple seeds first brought to America?

FLORA.

All we know about it is that some time after the discovery of America we children used to repeat this:
"One-ery, two-ery, kutery corn,
Apple seed, apple thorn," etc.

Hair Neglected

Soon becomes dry, harsh, coarse, and full of dandruff; it loses vitality and turns prematurely gray, or falls out rapidly and threatens early baldness. A careful dressing daily with **Ayer's Hair Vigor**—the best preparation for the purpose—will preserve the hair in all its luxuriance and beauty to a good old age.

"My hair was faded and dry," writes Mabel C. Hardy, of Delaware, Ill., "but after using only half a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor it became black and glossy. I cannot express the gratitude I feel."

Frederick P. Coggeshall, Bookseller, 51 Merrimack St., Lowell, Mass., writes: "Some six or seven years ago my wife had a severe illness, in consequence of which she became almost entirely bald and was compelled to wear a wig. A few months since she began to apply Ayer's Hair Vigor to the scalp, and, after using three bottles, has a good growth of hair started all over her head. The hair is now from two to four inches long, and growing freely. The result is a most gratifying proof of the merit of your admirable preparation."

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F. C. WILBUR, Agent.

Office, ELM HOUSE.

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ANDOVER, MASS.

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All BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS should be addressed to

JOHN N. COLE, Treasurer.

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FRIDAY, JANUARY 27, 1888.

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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS: The Liquor Traffic in North Andover, by Rev. H. H. Leavitt.

ACID LANG-SYNE: Anti-slavery in Andover fifty years ago; The Old Man's Retrospect, by Rev. Dr. J. H. Townie

CHILDREN'S CHURCH: One more Christmas letter; That Question Box; My Pet; Children's Riding song; Another Question.

SELECTIONS: Louisa Wade's Remembrance; One mast, two masts, three masts.

BOOKS AND READING: New Eng. Historical and Genealogical Register; Atlantic Monthly.

OF PUBLIC INTEREST: North Andover Directory; The Churches; A Suggestion: Current Comment.

Isaac F. Osgood, Esq., the Town Clerk of North Andover, and Mr. F. W. Frisbee of the Board of Selectmen, have courteously aided us in making the North Andover Directory, which we print on the seventh page.

We bespeak a reading for Rev. H. H. Leavitt's article on the second page upon the Liquor Traffic in North Andover. We are not conversant with the facts which called out the article, but it has the right ring to it, and is evidently on the right side, which in the long run, is the strong side.

Gov. Ames has made one of his best appointments in the selection of Hon. Geo. A. Marden of the Lowell Courier to fill a vacancy in the Board of Trustees of the state Agricultural College at Amherst. We happen to know that Brother Marden, although considered a born editor and a born clerk of the House of Representatives, as well as a born sharpshooter (in Berdan's regiment), was before all that born and bred among the farms and farmers of New Hampshire, and has a wonderfully level head to see and do things in the right way. One thing is certain, the "Aggies" will hear some funny speech-making at their alumni dinners!

It is a great improvement on the old mode of making a capital execution a public spectacle, that now only the officers, physicians, and certain legal witnesses are allowed to be present, as in the case of young Nowlin, who was hung a week ago today at East Cambridge jail. But it is very demoralizing to have the papers crowded to the extent of several columns not only with the minutest details of the execution itself, but with all the petty details of previous arrangements—how the man slept the night before, what he ate for breakfast, how he was dressed, what he said, and what everybody else said. A fuller description could scarcely be given of the death of an honored President or an upright judge. The result is a certain sentimental sympathy with the criminal, as though he were an innocent man suffering injustice at the public hands, rather than a hardened wretch receiving the just sentence of the law for a most unprovoked and brutal murder. If he repented of his awful crime, and expressed his penitence as a warning to others, we may regret the necessity of his execution, but that is quite a different thing from the morbid feeling we refer to. But as long as papers will publish such matter, thousands of youth—and those who are not young—will greedily read it; and as long as they wish to read it, there will be a class of papers who, without regard to the moral harm incurred, will print it.

Our attention has been called by one of our prominent business men, to the matter of the other dealers in town closing up their places of business on the nights when the grocers and butchers do, at six o'clock, viz. on Monday, Wednesday and Friday. This means three nights of leisure in the week for storekeepers and clerks, and that we believe, without serious inconvenience to anyone. Very little business is done on these nights, and several dealers to whom we have spoken say that they are certain that their customers would soon become used to the change and arrange their business accordingly. If the clerks or others interested in this will draw up an agreement, we will gladly publish it and the signatures to the same. It hardly need be said that in fairness all dealers ought to agree to such an arrangement—at least, all who represent any particular branch of trade. Any remarks to be made on this subject?

Mr. Geo. W. Harnden, an Andover boy in Lynn, firm of Harnden & Blanchard, sends us their calendar for '88, a very neat device, with a cut of the "Volunteer," and Egg Light in the distance.

A personal note comes from Prof. D. Y. Comstock, who was to leave Berlin Jan. 17, for Dresden, Prague, Vienna, Trieste and Athens. He says that he and the other Andover men in Berlin lament the absence of pumpkin pie and other New England dishes, the recipes for which are so tantalizingly given in the TOWNSMAN. We shall publish a letter from Prof. C. in a week or two.

ANDOVER NEWS.

The Free church had its annual meeting at the vestry last Tuesday evening. Various reports of the church work were read and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Clerk, John N. Cole; Treasurer, Mrs. J. Newton Cole; Recorder of current events, Mrs. Carrie A. Palmer; Deaconesses, Mrs. C. W. Baldwin, Miss Agnes Smith. A committee was appointed to make suitable recognition of the services of Dea. Wm. C. Donald who retires from the office of clerk after a service of nearly twenty-five years. Other committees for the church work were appointed the same as last year.

The time for the banquet of the Phillips Alumni Association has been fixed for Wednesday evening, Feb. 15, at the Parker House, Boston. Hon. Geo. O. Shattuck, a West Parish boy as well as a Phillips boy, is to preside. A large delegation went down from Andover last year. Attendance is not restricted to those who completed the full course, but is open to all who ever attended either the classical or English departments of the Academy.

The Phillips Academy '88's had their sleigh-ride to Lowell on Friday evening last. There was music in the zero air as they went, and came, and Carr, Farwell, Holister, and Tucker made music for them at the Merrimack House, where the spread was said to be unusually fine. Messrs. Coy and Wells represented the faculty. The Abbot Academy Seniors took their sleigh-ride on Monday evening to the same place.

The Yale Alumni Association of Boston and vicinity has its annual dinner Feb. 1. President Dwight is to be present. Marcus Morton, Jr. of Andover is Secretary of the Association.

Miss Edith Dove, daughter of Mr. Geo. W. W. Dove has been dangerously ill in Boston, where she has been attending school. She will be moved to her home here as soon as her condition will allow.

Mrs. Tyler is slowly recovering from her recent fall.

As Joseph H. Blunt was driving to the depot on Wednesday morning with his usual load of milk for the 7-45 train to Boston, the harness broke and started his horse into a run. The pung was overturned near the Episcopal church, and the horse was stopped at the depot. This was a veritable case of "spilled milk" with but little other damage.

The Hiawatha Club met with Miss Sarah Foster last Tuesday evening and enjoyed one of the pleasantest social entertainments that could be put into an evening at home. Irving was the author for the hour's thought and his brightest sketches were presented by different members in the most taking manner; pantomimes, tableaux, and recitations making a varied programme. After the intellectual entertainment was over, the hostess served the Club with lunch. Among other invited guests was the Senior class of Abbot Academy.

Mrs. Timothy P. Holt, who has been confined to her house on Elm St. for eight months, is very low with heart disease. She is attended by Dr. Scott.

At the reunion of the Boston Bar Association at the Vendome on Wednesday evening, Chief Justice Morton was very warmly received, and made a speech in response to a toast to "the latest and one of the ablest of a long line of distinguished magistrates who have held the office."

Alexander Frazer left town on Wednesday evening for Westboro, where he will learn the trade of a plumber.

Miss Ada Cushing of Weymouth is visiting at Mr. Wm B. Morse's on Maple Avenue.

Charles C. son of Mr. John H. Dean of this town, who it will be remembered, went west some time ago, may be considered as a thorough westerner now. He was married on Wednesday, the 25th inst. to Miss Fannie Tinkler of Hastings, Mich., where he is now located. In his far away home he has the best wishes of many friends among the young people of Andover.

Miss Olivia Merrill of Merrimac is visiting at J. W. Berry's.

The L. & S. society of the Punched held their regular meeting last Friday night at 7:30. Readings, solos, and songs by the Punched Glee Club made up an enjoyable evening.

The Ladies' Society of the Free Church had a meeting for work at the vestry yesterday afternoon.

Lincoln Lodge, A.O.U.W. will celebrate its first anniversary at the Town Hall on the evening of February 24th with a supper, dance and entertainment.

Miss Caroline Spofford has been visiting at Mr. Jos. F. and Geo. S. Cole's.

The Royal Arcanum installs officers at the G. A. R. Hall, to-night.

Mrs. Buckley, the mother of Mrs. Wm. H. Jowett of Marland Village is very ill at Mrs. Jowett's home.

Yesterday being the annual Day of Prayer for Colleges and Academies, Rev. Dr. A. J. Gordon of Boston spoke at the Female Seminary in the forenoon. In the afternoon the usual united meeting of the teachers and students of the different institutions was held at the Seminary chapel. Prof. Moore conducted the exercise, and Prof. Tucker made an address, followed by Mr. C. M. Clark of the Seminary.

The mother of Mr. T. D. Thompson, a former resident of Andover, is seriously ill at her home in Brooklyn, N. Y.

If the people in Boston who are dependent on the many Andover milk cans that board the 7-45 train every morning, waited for their cream from the yesterday's cans for their breakfast, they will have a late meal as no train from the east passed our depot during the entire day.

Wilfred M. Burt has been appointed by our Board of Fire Engineers as engine-man, his service to begin February 1. He is to sleep at the engine-house, which will greatly facilitate the prompt giving of the alarm, and the getting the steamer in readiness. "Fred's" training and experience in the Manchester Locomotive Works make his appointment a specially good one.

A few additional tickets for the course of lectures on dramas of Shakspeare by Mr. Henry A. Clapp can be had at the Andover bookstore. The dates of the lectures are: Tuesday, Feb. 7, Romeo and Juliet; Feb. 14, Henry IV.; Feb. 21, Othello; Feb. 28, The Winter's Tale.

The second masquerade ball of the engine company, at the Town hall last Friday evening, brought together about sixty couples, most of them masked. Previous to the opening of the dance, the American orchestra of Lowell, gave an hour's concert that was enjoyed by a large audience. How to describe the grotesque, amusing, striking and attractive features of a gathering such as greeted the eye when the grand march sounded at nine o'clock, is beyond us. Spaniards, Turks, Indians and almost every kind and condition of life, were represented, and many of the parts were carried out in a very amusing manner and many were the conjectures as to the identity of the characters. At about eleven o'clock the masks were removed and familiar faces were once more seen. A committee of the company served an excellent collation in the lower hall and the whole affair was well managed by the different members of the company.

Despite the severe weather, there was a considerable attendance at the meeting in the lower town hall on Monday evening, called to consult as to the continuance of the evening drawing school. Miss E. H. Handy offered the use a large room in her house for the class if for any reason it was thought preferable to the place now occupied at the town hall.

Albert Webster of Ballardvale was brought before Justice Poor on Wednesday charged with having his store open on Sunday. He pleaded guilty and was fined \$5.00 and costs.

The Andover Drum Corps will furnish music at the Yallahmbrosa rink in Lawrence to-night.

Mr. John Cunnock of South Hadley Falls formerly of Andover, was in town on Wednesday.

Pray with the "Watchee" furnished conveyance for the Abbot Academy young ladies' sleigh ride to Lowell last Monday evening.

The apron sale and supper at the South Church last night called out a fair attendance considering the weather. The waiters were dressed in butterfly costumes, and there were many attractive features.

The election of Mr. E. C. Bartlett to the head of the management of the Phillips base-ball nine the coming season, ensures an active interest in the national game.

Rev. Dr. Barnum of Turkey addressed the young ladies at Abbot Academy a few mornings ago.

An entertainment was held in the school-house of the Osgood district, Tuesday evening for the benefit of the Sunday school. In the absence of the Superintendent, Mr. E. F. Holt kindly consented to be chairman for the evening. The amusements of the evening were conducted by Mrs. Emerson, Messrs. Joseph T. Lovejoy, Thomas David and Charles Bell, who gave great satisfaction and were repeatedly encored. The banjo solos given by Mr. Bell were a great addition to the programme. A vote of thanks was tendered to Joseph W. Smith, Esq. for the handsome subscription sent for the benefit of the school. The evening's amusements were brought to a close with a vote of thanks to the lady and gentlemen for their services. Owing to the coldness of the evening the audience was not large.

Frye Village.

A meeting was held in the hall last Saturday evening when it was decided to have a course of entertainments and a committee was chosen, viz., Messrs. I. W. Lindsay, D. Laing and Chas. Bell to make arrangements. The last one is to be a tea-party of which the ladies of the village will have the management as usual.

The services in the hall on Sunday evening were conducted by Mr. Wood of the Seminary, who had for his subject, Faith (Heb. 11).

Mr. and Mrs. John Morrison of Merrimac drove from there in a sleigh on a visit to their relatives here, Sunday, returning same day.

BALLARDVALE.

Daniel C. Bird cut down a maple tree on the land of Mr. John H. Clinton, measuring over three feet in diameter, in less than four hours. Mr. Clinton wishes to dispose of a portion of the trunk.

While Mr. Clinton was trimming the above tree his axe glanced, cutting an ugly gash in the knee penetrating to the knee-pan which will confine him to the house for a number of days.

20° below zero at Greene & Woodlin's store Monday morning.

At the Congregational church, Sunday, Mr. Shurtleff of the Seminary preached a deeply interesting sermon, from the first clause of John 19:5. It was rich in thought, and the beautiful and forcible illustrations were listened to with deep interest. Mr. Martin preached from 2 Cor. 6:14.

Mr. Maynard E. Clemons has accepted a situation in the machine department of a jewelry firm at Attleboro, Mass., and has entered on his duties.

Mr. W. F. Parker has a badly swollen hand which incapacitates him from work, caused by being cut with a piece of brass.

The idea that emigrants to this country from Europe were made up from the least desirable classes was stoutly denied by Mr. Herford in his lecture, Wednesday evening, on the contrary they were the thrifty, enterprising ones with that restless, independent spirit that characterizes the American people. Also, a good point for tariff reformers who are so concerned over the workingman's welfare to ponder over; that the cotton workers and farmers of England were better housed, better clothed and lived easier generally than they could in the U. S. at least for many years after arrival.

Mrs. Butterfield of Lawrence has bought out the stock and goodwill of the millinery store of Mrs. Alice Kelley.

BALLARDVALE

BALLARDVALE STATION, B. & M. R. R.

C. H. Marland, Agent.

BALLARDVALE TO BOSTON. A.M. 6:55; 7:51; 11:15. P.M. 12:34; 2:14; 3:23; 4:30; 5:49; 9:44. Sunday: A.M. 8:38. P.M. 12:25; 5:58.

BALLARDVALE TO LOWELL. 7:51; 9:57; 10:40; 11:15. P.M. 12:34; 1:45; 2:49; 3:23; 4:30; 5:55; 7:17; 9:44. Sunday: A.M. 8:38. P.M. 12:25; 5:58.

BALLARDVALE TO LAWRENCE. A.M. 6:57; 7:28; 8:18; 8:55; 10:19; 11:25. P.M. 12:48; 1:18; 3:37; 4:55; 5:40; 6:45; 7:29; 7:48. Sunday: A.M. 9:01. P.M. 6:08; 8:00.

BOSTON TO BALLARDVALE. A.M. 6:00; 7:30; 9:30; 10:25. P.M. 12:02; 2:30; 4:02; 5:00; 6:00; 6:35; 7:00; 11:00. Sunday: A.M. 8:00. P.M. 5:00; 7:00.

LOWELL TO BALLARDVALE. A.M. 7:10; 7:35; 8:35; 11:00. P.M. 1:00; 3:00; 4:00; 5:10; 6:15; 6:55; 11:10. Sunday: A.M. 8:20; P.M. 5:40; 7:30.

LAWRENCE TO BALLARDVALE. A.M. 6:40; 7:30; 9:40; 10:20; 11:00. P.M. 12:17; 1:10; 2:00; 2:50; 3:00; 4:15; 5:40; (7:05 from So. Law.); 9:30. Sunday: A.M. 8:15. P.M. 12:10; 5:35.

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C. H. Marland, P.M.

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MAILS ARRIVE: From Boston, South and West: A.M. 8:30; P.M. 9:40; From East and North: P.M. 12:40; 5:30; 7:20.

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Mr. Winslow Goodwin is the authorized agent of the TOWNSMAN in Ballardvale.

A Card.

The gentlemen who attended the Leap Year party held in Bradlee Hall, January 23d, desire to express their thanks to the ladies for the excellent supper and entertainment furnished by them and we feel justly proud of the ladies, for the manner in which they devised and carried out an entertainment of this kind, and while we shall look back with a great deal of pleasure to the remembrance of this highly enjoyable occasion, our only regret will be that Leap Year comes but once in four years.

COMMITTEE.

The social event of the season was the leap year party given in Bradlee Hall by the ladies to their gentlemen friends last Monday evening. The subject having been proposed among prominent society ladies a short time since, a committee of arrangements consisting of Mrs. John Stark, Mrs. F. G. Haynes, Mrs. C. U. Tuck, Mrs. Jos. Kintz, Mrs. Jos. Shaw, Mrs. Mears, Mrs. H. F. Wilson, Mrs. H. Beecley and Mrs. C. H. Marland were chosen, and it must be said that the results were highly creditable to them. As might be inferred, those duties which usually devolve on the sterner sex were performed by the ladies and in a very satisfactory manner. The first and not the least interesting feature was a collation, perfect in every detail; to which the assembled company were led by Mrs. Tuck and Mr. May. After an earnest and partially successful attempt to lessen the bountiful supply of good things a return was made to the hall where two hours were spent in unalloyed merriment, playing games and acting charades; later, the floor was cleared and dancing indulged in by a portion of the party; Melvin's Orchestra of Lowell furnishing excellent music. Mrs. Tuck was floor directress with Mrs. Kintz, Mrs. Jos. Shaw and Mrs. Stark as aids. Among the guests from other places, Judge Poor of Andover was noticed. The party dispersed about midnight to their homes and the general sentiment was best expressed in the remark of one gentleman that he wished that every year was leap year!

Seldom has a death aroused a wider feeling of regret in the community than that of Francis J. McAvoy, son of Mr. James McAvoy of this village, who died last Monday noon at the Massachusetts General Hospital. While engaged in storing ice in the Boston Ice Company's house at Wakefield, Monday morning, he carelessly walked down a waste chute where a cake of ice struck him with terrific force, breaking the hip and so injuring him internally that he died a short time after being taken to the Hospital. He was a steady, industrious young man and by hard work had established himself in the manufacture of rattan furniture, and was meeting with good success, but in a dull time, and as an experienced hand was induced by good pay to work cutting ice. Naturally quiet and unassuming, he possessed those qualities that attract friends, of whom he had a host in this place and Wakefield. He was an only child and his parents, who have much sympathy, are almost inconsolable over their loss. He was to have been married in a short time to a Wakefield lady. The funeral was held from St. Joseph's church yesterday morning, Rev. J. J. Ryan officiating.

Mr. H. A. Moody has commenced work on his house in Chester St.

SELECTIONS.

Louisa Wade's Recompense.

And he is off the wisest man
Who is not wise at all.

A small, solitary house, surrounded by tall elm and beautiful maple trees, was many years the happy home of good old David Clark. At his death, his nephew, Henry Clark, became sole possessor of his property. The house had two incumbences which exceedingly embarrassed the new owner in disposing of. The first was a feeble-minded, destitute youth, named Robert Henson, to whom his late uncle had given food and shelter for five years. The second was a large brindle dog. What was to be done with these troublesome dependents? Henry Clark settled the disagreeable question by sending Robert to the almshouse, and taking the dog to his home. He placed a far higher valuation upon the intelligent animal than upon his useless, half-witted cousin.

His next act was to place the words, "To Sell" conspicuously upon the house. It found a ready purchaser. Mrs. Wade, a widow of moderate means from the city, was looking for a pleasant country home. This quiet place and charming scenery afforded many attractions. She concluded to buy it, and in the early summer removed there with her daughter, Louisa, a bright, pretty girl of fourteen.

They were delighted with their new home. They enjoyed the ample grounds, the refreshing shade of the fine old trees, the warm sunshine and sweet singing birds. One evening, when a long, northeast rain was flooding the fair earth, there was a noise on the steps, and a dog barked for admission. Mrs. Wade and Louisa were in the parlor and took no notice of it. "Bow-wow-wow, bow-wow-wow," was followed by a prolonged scratching upon the door.

Louisa opened it, timidly, and a great brindle dog forced his way by her, walked in, and took a circuit of the lower rooms, as if to be searching for old friends, and, finding no one he recognized, stretched himself at full length upon the carpet, as if determined to remain there.

"This must be old David Clark's dog, Don," we've heard so much about. He's run away probably, and has come back here to his past home," said Mrs. Wade. "He must be fed," said Louisa. "Don, come here." He followed her to the kitchen and had a fine feast, and then returned to the parlor, wagging his tail in supreme joy.

The next morning Mrs. Wade sent a message to Mr. Henry Clark, informing him his dog was at her house, and requesting to have him taken away. Soon a note came as follows—

"Mrs. WADE: I cannot force or coax Don to stay at my house, and shall take no further trouble for him. Please dispose of him as you think best.

Very truly yours,
HENRY CLARK."

"So we've an outcast dog on our hands," said Mrs. Wade, dolefully. "I don't know what we shall do."

"Oh, ma, do keep him," exclaimed Louisa earnestly. "We've no man in the house. Don will be a great protection."

Mrs. Wade consented. Don remained with them, and bestowed on his mistress all his deep canine affection and watchfulness.

A month passed. It was a glorious morning, full of beauty and bloom. Mrs. Wade and Louisa were in brisk conversation, when a youth with a low, retreating forehead and staring eyes, came and stood in the doorway. Mrs. Wade started. "Don't get scared, lady. I'm only Bob Henson. You've heard of him, haven't you? I'm 'most a fool; used to live here with old David Clark"—sorrowfully.

"Yes, I have heard of you," answered Mrs. Wade, kindly.

"May I come in? I'm homesick; don't like the poor-house; wish I was dead."

"Yes, come in," said Mrs. Wade, rising and offering him a paper.

Robert sat down, and for several minutes he gazed curiously around the room; then his eyes dropped, and a long, deep sigh was heard.

"I'm sorry for you," said Louisa. "It was very hard for you to go away from this good home."

"Sorry. You needn't be. Nobody cares for poor Bob, now the old man's

gone, 'cause Bob don't know much—'most a nat'l fool, folks say."

"Are the people you live with kind?" inquired Louisa, full of sympathy.

"Yes, a little kind; don't want me. Nobody wants poor Bob. Wish I's dead, I do."

Just then Don bounded into the room. He had heard Robert's well known voice, and leaped joyfully upon him.

A swift sparkle of happiness overspread Robert's face. He patted the dog gently on the head, saying, "Good Don. Bob love Don—Don love Bob; don't we?"

The dog licked his hand affectionately.

"Old master's dead—he's dead!" and big hot tears flowed down Robert's cheeks.

"Your life is unhappy," said Mrs. Wade; "I hope brighter days will come."

"Never for poor Bob—never (sob); I've good for nothing (sob). Mr. Clark took Don home 'cause he can watch; said he didn't want me (sob). Am 'most a nat'l fool; but I've feeling" (sob.)

Louisa spoke encouragingly and strove to comfort him. She showed him several pictures and explained them. Then she went to the piano and played and sang a few tunes.

Robert listened to the music with delight. "Pretty girl, pretty girl," he said, softly, as she finished. He went away with a happier face. These new acquaintances took a kindly interest in him, and for a brief time his sorrows were forgotten.

"We must try and make his life brighter," said Mrs. Wade to Louisa. "What we do for him we do for our Lord. He is one of the 'weak ones of Christ.'"

The summer advanced. Robert often called on his new friends, and was always kindly received. He had an ardent longing for music, and Louisa spent much time in singing and playing to him. She also read simple stories, and entertained him in various ways, and gave him an abundant supply of fruit and whatever the garden afforded. Under the irresistible influence of her gentle ministrations, he grew quite happy.

One mild September morning, Louisa started for a walk to call on a friend, Annie Dawes. "I shall be gone an hour or more," she said to her mother. "I shall be back before dinner."

She was going through the gate, when a cry from Don in the back yard made her turn around. A mad dog had lately run through the place, and the authorities had ordered every dog to be muzzled or kept chained for thirty days. Don was in confinement. A long chain attached to his collar was fastened to a large tree and held him in one spot, greatly to his annoyance.

"Don can't go; no no," said Louisa, decidedly, to him. "Don would get a shot if at large; can't go."

He whined piteously in sorrowful disappointment, as his young mistress walked away, and his eyes followed her until she was out of sight.

Louisa followed the road a short distance, till she recalled that Annie Dawes had mentioned a much shorter way, across the fields, to her house. She clambered over a wall, went through two mowing lots and entered a large rocky pasture, where several cows were quietly grazing. At first they took no notice of her; but soon a crooked-horned cow began to shake her head angrily and advanced toward her. Louisa was alarmed and started to run and the cow followed her. She wore a red shawl. She did not know that the color red is exciting and irritating to cattle, and that it was the sight of her pretty shawl that aroused the peaceful animal into a dangerous enemy. On came the cow, close upon her footsteps, filling the air with a furious bellowing. Louisa's feet flew over the ground in terror; her pursuer, with lowered horns, was within a few yards of her, when the red shawl fell from her shoulders. This caused the cow to stop, diverted her attention a moment, and gave Louisa just time to spring over the fence into a wood lot. She pushed her way through underbrush, between the trees, till she reached a place of safety, and, hot and panting, sat down upon a flat rock to recover from her terrible fright. She had heard of a strip of woodland owned by Mr. Baldwin, and concluded that this must be the one, and thought that by going only a short distance through it she would soon come out on the other side of the road.

She was wrong. This was not Mr.

Baldwin's lot, but a dense forest of great trees and underbrush which covered the country for a mile.

Louisa proceeded in a straight direction to get out of the woods. The further she advanced, the more impenetrable grew the forest. Her watch told her it was noon; but no sight of a clearing appeared. She grew footsore and weary, but courageously pressed forward, hoping to find a path that would lead her from the woods. She reached a spring a drink from it, and went slowly on. At twilight, great was her astonishment to come upon the spring again, and she knew she must have taken a circuitous course, and was no nearer finding her way out of the pathless forest than in the morning. Faint and exhausted she sank upon the hard ground. She was certainly lost, lost, lost! In desperation and agony of mind, she shouted, "Help! help! help!" Echo brought back her voice. It had reached no other ear.

The day advanced, and the shades of evening were coming on. Mrs. Wade began to be seriously troubled at Louisa's prolonged absence. Mr. Seagrave called, and offered to ride to Mr. Dowes' for her. In half an hour he brought back the intelligence that "she had not been there." Inquiries were made in every direction, but no trace could be gained of her, beyond that she was seen on the road about nine o'clock in the morning.

The news of Louisa's disappearance spread rapidly. Neighbors and townspeople started in search of her, while kind women remained with the poor, suffering Mrs. Wade and strove to comfort her.

Late in the evening, Robert Henson called in. "Pretty girl's gone; heard 'em say so," he said hoarsely, his tears flowing. "Want to go and help find her."

"Poor fellow, what help can you give," said Mrs. Lee. "Sit down and be quiet."

Robert took a chair and covered his face with his hands. People were coming and going in the house, talking excitedly about the missing girl; but he gave no heed to what was transpiring, till a low, whining noise from Don in the back yard reached his ear, when he arose and hurried to the place the dog was chained. Don leaped upon him in frantic delight.

"Pretty girl's lost; she's lost," said Robert. The dog was accustomed to hear him call her by that name, and knew he was talking about his mistress.

"Pretty girl's lost; pretty girl's lost," sobbed Robert. The dog shook his chain violently, and whined piteously, as if begging to be set free. "Rob loves Don; will let him go." He unfastened the chain, and immediately the dog left Robert and took a slow trot down the road with his nose on the ground.

"Don's gone to find pretty girl; can smell," he hurrying after him.

The dog soon left the road, went through two mowing lots, and kept on till he came to something lying on the ground, which he picked up with his teeth, and waiting for Robert to come up. It was Louisa's red shawl, and he threw it over his arm in a transport of joy, being sure that they were on the right track. Robert followed the keen scented dog far into the dense forest. His clothes were torn, his hands and face were scratched by the rough, thick underbrush, but he pressed on forgetful of self.

Soon an indistinct voice resounded through the moon-lit air, "Help, help."

"Bow-wow-wow," answered the dog.

"Pretty girl, pretty girl," shouted Robert.

In a few minutes they reached Louisa. Oh, what a joyful midnight meeting it was, under the grand old forest trees. Robert half supported the faint, exhausted girl, as Don the captain of the little company, led them out of the woods towards home.

Mrs. Wade's happiness at the safe arrival of her daughter had no limit. Louisa told her story, and Robert and Don were loaded with grateful praise.

"How came you to think of looking in the woods for Louisa?" inquired Mrs. Wade wonderingly.

"Rob didn't think; can't think; he's 'most a nat'l fool; 'twas Don."

"Who let Don loose? He was chained in the yard."

"Poor Rob let him go; dog smelt; went after pretty girl; Rob went after too; don't know much."

"You have outwitted us all," exclaimed Mr. Seagrave, laughing.

Louisa's friends, the feeble-minded pauper upon whom she had bestowed Christian kindness and sympathy, and the outcast dog she had befriended, each in his own way, had recompensed her and proved an unexpected blessing.

Robert never returned to the almshouse, Mrs. Wade and Louisa gave him a home with them, and his few remaining years were comfortable and happy.—*Sarah P. Brigham in N. Y. Observer.*

One mast, two masts, three masts.

The following description of different kinds of marine craft, which originally appeared in the *N. Y. Graphic*, we have carried in our pocket-book for several years so as to have on hand for the information of fellow-voyagers. It is in the line of a subject in the *Children's Circle* on page 2, and will interest some readers who are not children:

Lady No. 1.—"Now, captain, what is a sloop?"

Captain—"A sloop has but one mast." L. (pointing to a schooner)—"Is that a sloop?"

C.—"No; that is a schooner. A sloop has but one mast; a schooner has two, as you see. Now remember, sloop, one mast; schooner, two."

L.—"Certainly. How many masts has a ship?"

C.—"Three."

L.—"How many masts did you say a sloop had?"

C.—"One. Sloop one mast; schooner two; ship three."

L. (pointing to a sloop)—"Is that a schooner?"

C.—"No; that's a sloop. Sloop one mast; schooner two; ship three."

L.—"O, yes; I remember. (Pointing to a ship.) Is't that a pretty schooner?"

C.—"That's not a schooner. That's a ship. Don't you see it has three masts?"

L.—"O, yes. Is't that a big schooner lying at the wharf?"

C.—"Schooner? Now, how many masts has that vessel?"

L.—"Three."

C.—"Well, what has three masts?"

L.—"A sloop."

C.—"Sloop! Sloop has one mast, I tell you; schooner two; ship three."

Lady No. 2.—"Why, Jane, how stupid you are! A Schooner always has one mast."

L. (chatty and quite oblivious of stupidity)—"What is a brig?"

C.—"A brig has two masts and is rigged like a ship, with square sails."

Lady No. 2.—"Jane, look at this sloop coming along."

C.—"That's a schooner; don't you see two masts? Sloop one mast; schooner two masts; ship three masts."

L.—"Are those schooners there with three masts?"

C.—"Yes."

L.—"I thought you said a schooner had but one?"

C.—"Two! two masts! Sloop one mast; schooner two; ship three."

L.—"But that schooner has three masts."

C.—"Well, it is a three masted schooner."

L.—"Then a schooner can have any number of masts?"

C.—"No; sloop one mast; schooner two, and sometimes three masts; ship three masts."

L.—"I'm sure I can't make it out. It's awfully puzzling. What is a barque?"

C. (unable any longer to popularize nautical science, falls back on technical expression).—"Vessel with two masts square-rigged, and one mast sloop-rigged; square sails on fore and main-mast and fore and aft sails on the mizzen."

L.—"Mizzen! What is a mizzen?"

C.—"Last mast aft."

L.—"Aft! What is the aft?"

C.—"The stern, madam."

L.—"O, I'm sure I can't make it out. Is that a sloop, there?" (Pointing again to a schooner.)

C.—"No; it's a schooner. Sloop one mast; schooner three."

L.—"How many masts has a man-o-war?"

C.—"Three."

L.—"Well, what's the difference between a man-o-war and a smack?"

C.—(Groans, and is silent.)

L.—"What are those sticks across the masts of that schooner, Captain?"

C.—"That's not a schooner. Schooner two masts; ship three; sloop one. That's a ship. Those are the yards which hold the sails."

L.—"O!"

C. (encouraged)—"Now, the first yard on the foremast is the fore yard; the second is the fore topsail yard; the third is the fore gallant yard."

L.—"What is that yard sticking straight up out of that little schooner?"

C.—"Great Scott! That's not a schooner; it's a sloop. Sloop one mast; schooner two; ship three. What you call her yard is her mast."

Lady No. 2.—"Certainly, Jane. How stupid you are. Captain, what are the names of the other masts on that schooner's yards you were pointing out to us?"

C. (internally).—

Lady No. 2.—"Captain, where are the lubbers?"

C. (wishes he could tell).—"Up there on that ship's masts, near the tops."

L. (looking attentively at a schooner.)—"Near the top of the masts of that sloop?"

C.—"No, no; further down. Where the futtock shrouds are fastened. No, no; not on that vessel. A schooner has no lubbers (mentally), except this one, and they're on deck."

L. (whose interest in the locality of lubbers suddenly ceases).—"Is't that a pretty ship sailing along?"

C.—"Ship! That's an old tub of a schooner, ma'am. Schooner two masts; ship three; sloop one, I tell you."

L.—"Can a sloop have two masts?"

C.—"Sloop one mast; schooner two; ship three."

Lady No. 2.—"How many masts has a ship, captain?"

C.—"Ship three masts; schooner two; sloop one."

L.—"Yes, I know. Schooner one—no, two masts; sloop two—no, three; ship one. There!"

BOOKS AND READING.

The New England Historical and Genealogical Register begins its forty-second volume with the January number. Happy is the man who has the forty-one volumes complete, for he owns a library in itself of most valuable information concerning the early history of New England, and of almost innumerable families who from the time of the Mayflower down, have occupied and blessed its ancient towns. This specially—found in no other magazine so fully—of printing genealogical sketches of various families, reviews and notices of genealogical works, copies of ancient wills, epitaphs, and records of births, marriages and deaths, makes this quarterly of inestimable value to the constantly increasing number of persons who are interested in learning all about their ancestors' even though they bear other names than their own. Articles of this character in the current number of the *Register* are on the Tarbox family of Lynn (by Rev. Dr. I. N. Tarbox), on the Pope family of Plymouth, on Rev. Aaron Cleveland, great-great-grandfather of President Cleveland, on Soldiers in King Phillip's War, and Burying-ground Inscriptions in Colchester, Ct. The Genealogical Gleanings in England, regularly carried on and reported by Mr. Henry F. Waters of Salem, are continued, giving in this article notes on the names Mullins, Harwood, Houghton, Sedgwick, Thorne, Jolliffe, Grey, Greene and Dingley. The biographical article is on Charles Wesley Tuttle, the astronomer, and is written by Mr. John Ward Dean, the editor, and librarian of the New Eng. Historic Genealogical Society. One book notice, though brief, is of special interest to us: *The Archives of Andover*, being Part I. of a series of records which it is proposed in the old Andover in England to publish. This Part is described as containing church-warden accounts of 1470-73. No doubt our Memorial Hall committee will see that this book is secured for the archives of our Andover. Who knows but some of our families may be descended from those church-wardens of four hundred years ago? [18 Somerset St., Boston; \$3. a year.]

The Atlantic Monthly for February has its usual variety—and more too! The strange story of Yone Santo, a child of Japan is continued, as also the Oliphant-Aldrich serial, *The Second Son*, and Charles Egbert Craddock's "Despot of Broomfield Cove. The Medea of Euripides is by W. C. Lawton, a critical article on George Meredith by Geo. Parsons Lathrop, and a paper of special interest on *The Marriage Celebration in Europe*, by Frank G. Cook. James Russell Lowell contributes a five-page poem entitled *Endymion, a Mystical Comment on Titian's Sacred and Profane Love*. The Coleorton Papers, Madame Necker, and Patrick Henry are titles of other articles and the Contributors' Club has an amusing criticism on the modern pronunciation of Latin. [Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$4.00 a year.]

OF PUBLIC INTEREST.

NORTH ANDOVER DIRECTORY.

Town Officers.

Town Clerk: Isaac F. Osgood.
 Town Treasurer: Edward W. Greene.
 Selectmen, Assessors and Overseers of Poor: James C. Poor, Bradford H. Barden, Frank W. Frisbee.
 School Committee: Dr. C. P. Morrill (term expires 1888), Rev. Charles Noyes (1889), Miss Mary G. Carleton (1890).
 Tax Collector: William F. Kelley.
 Superintendent of Alms-house and Pound-keeper: George L. Burnham.
 Auditors: John W. Bolton, Daniel A. Carleton.
 Constables: George L. Harris (chief), George Rexstrow, Horace E. Towne, John Wilton, Henry R. Smith.
 Special Police: S. B. Bodwell, W. S. Roundy, Joseph Trombly, George L. Burnham.
 Licensed Auctioneers: Joseph F. Allen, John G. Brown.
 Sealer of Weights and Measures: Orrin F. Spofford.
 Public Weigher: W. S. Roundy.
 Forest Fireward: John E. Ingalls.
 Registrars of Voters: Thomas K. Gilman (chairman), the Town Clerk, Jeffrey Kelley, William J. Halliday, Jr.
 Engineers: P. P. Daw (chief), John E. Ingalls (clerk), F. E. Nason.
 Highway Surveyors: District 1. John H. Rea, 2. Isaac L. Farnham, 3. Frank E. Nason, 4. J. G. Chadwick, 5. J. Frank Foster, 6. Chas. O. Barker, 7. Daniel L. Whipple, 8. Peter Holt, Jr., 9. Geo. L. Burnham, 10. H. E. Mead, 11. Abijah P. Fuller, 12. J. E. Reynolds, 13. Frederick Symonds, 14. Moses Towne, 15. Geo. A. Rea, 16. Geo. L. Averill, 17. S. W. Ingalls, 18. H. B. Ellis, 19. Henry Reiley.
 Surveyor of Lumber: Amos D. Carleton.
 Surveyors of Wood: C. F. Johnson, L. S. Perley, S. W. Ingalls, A. D. Carleton, H. P. Ingalls, Orrin F. Spofford, Geo. A. Rea, Henry R. Smith.
 Field Drivers: Geo. A. Rea, John Wilton.
 Library Committee: Gen. Eben Sutton, James C. Poor, Frank W. Frisbee, Bradford H. Barden.
 Postmasters: Isaac F. Osgood, North Andover; Charles E. Pilling, No. Andover Depot.
 The selectmen meet the first Monday in each month at the Library building, and the third Monday at the Town Farm, at 1.30 P. M.
 The school committee meet on the last Friday in each month.
 Annual Town Meeting the first Monday in March. Annual State election on first Tuesday following the first Monday in November.
 Registrars of voters meet on the Wednesday next preceding election.

Teachers in the Public Schools.

Johnson High School: David Kinley, Annie L. Sargent.
 Merrimac No. 1: A. L. Smith, Annie E. Sanborn. No. 2, Hannah C. Carleton.
 No. 3, Mary E. Quealey. No. 4, Helen C. Sargent. No. 5, Laura A. Bailey. No. 6, Annie G. Card. No. 7, Annie M. Osgood. No. 8, Elizabeth A. Kelley.
 Centre No. 1: Harriet E. Bartlett. No. 2, Bessie M. Shepard.
 Union No. 1: Jessie F. Greene. No. 2, Lida F. Euler.
 Bradstreet No. 1: Anna M. Tucker, No. 2, Henrietta Hatch.
 Farnham: Mary A. Berry.
 Kimball: Lizzie Ingalls.
 Pond: Helen E. Roache.
 River: Hattie M. Ellis.
 Music: Edward Butterworth.

The Churches.

President Wheeler of the missionary college in Harpoot, Turkey (formerly called Armenia College, but which now the hatred of the Turkish government to the Armenians has changed to Euphrates College), occupied the pulpit of the West church on Sunday morning, speaking also of the missionary work in the evening at the South church. Pastor Makepeace, after two weeks of imprisonment with a severe cold, was able to stand in his place on Sunday morning, preaching from Mark 11:22—"Have faith in God."

Mr. Bradley's sermons at Christ church were from Ex. 33:18, 19, the glory of God is His goodness; and Ps. 147:1, i. e., the comeliness of praise. Mr. Wilbur at the Baptist church preached from Rev. 22:1, the River of life in the Celestial City. Rev. Daniel D. O'Regan of Mechanicsville, N. Y., son of the late Mr. John O'Regan, officiated at the Catholic church, preaching on Faith, as suggested by the two miracles, Matt. 3:1-12.

Prof. Moore's morning sermon at the Seminary church was from Heb. 1:1 and Matt. 5:17—the relation of Christianity to the Old Testament. In the afternoon, he spoke on the consequences to the mind and heart of cultivating the habit of scoffing.

Dr. Gulliver preached at Norwich, Ct.; Dr. Tucker at the Kirk St. church, Lowell; Prof. Churchill was confined to his house with a severe cold. Seminary men supplied various churches as follows: D. B. Pratt at West Taunton, H. B. Boyd at Shirley, D. McDermid at Amesbury, E. W. Shurtleff at Ballardvale, E. H. Chandler at Woodstock, Ct., A. D. Smith at Lyndeboro, N. H., G. W. Patterson at Merrimack, N. H., E. A. Keep at Chesterfield, N. H., T. M. Edmands at Brentwood, N. H., C. M. Clark at Rochester, N. H., J. W. Buckham at Hebron, N. H., A. W. Kelley at Bedford, N. H. Mr. G. F. Kengott is to supply for a year the churches at Andover and East Andover, N. H.

Rev. Selah Merrill conducted the gospel temperance meeting in the lower town hall, Sunday afternoon. Although the attendance was not large, the meeting was an excellent one. Messrs. Wilbur, Sheldon, McCurdy, and others taking part in the exercises. These meetings are in the interest of a good cause and are held regularly on the fourth Sabbath afternoon of each month. Will this be remembered February 26?

A Suggestion.

Dear Townsman: You are very kind to tell us in your paper what ministers have preached in our churches on the Sundays previous to your appearance on Friday, and the subjects of their sermons. Would it not be better, if possible, to inform the public what these same clergymen intend to make the topics of their sermons on the Sunday previous to your issue? Such a course might increase church attendance. It is rather disappointing sometimes to find that some great theme has been made the subject of their sermon a week before, and that we, and some others, were not there to hear it.

P. S. I should prefer the paper pasted.

Three things may be said in reply to the above note, which comes to us anonymously. First, we should be very glad to announce in advance the subjects of Sabbath sermons, if ministers see fit to furnish the same. Second, our Andover preachers have "good themes" and good sermons all the time! Third, how would it do for our correspondent, "and some others," to go to church every Sunday—then they would miss nothing!

Current Comment.

In our judgment, the claim that the United States Senate should "out of courtesy, confirm such an appointment [that of Secretary Lamar] partly because it emanates from the President and partly because the appointee is an ex-Senator and a man of national distinction, is not well grounded. The United States Constitution has divided responsibility for Supreme Court appointments between the President and the Senate; that responsibility is thoroughly joint, and the Senate has no right to rid itself of its share under a veil of courtesy. It ought not to refuse to confirm for either partisan or sectional reasons.—*Christian Union*.

One practical way in which all lovers of a quiet Sabbath can help on a more orderly observance of that day is by coming at once to the assistance of the barbers of Massachusetts, many of whom desire the rest and spiritual opportunities which the present law insures to them.—*Congregationalist*.

Public sentiment in opposition to long stories of hangings is growing, and has crystallized into propositions before the General Court for legislation to prohibit them. This may not be wise, but it is certain that there is plenty of better literature than sensational accounts of executions.—*Lowell Courier*.

J. H. CHANDLER,

PROPRIETOR

Johnson's Andover & Boston Express.

OFFICE AT

Periodical, Fruit, & Confectionery Store,
Opposite Town Hall, Andover.

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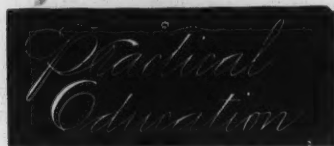
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Capital fully paid, \$300,000.00
Additional liability of stockholders, 300,000.00
Total guarantee, 600,000.00

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MAIN STREET, ANDOVER

ANDOVER DIRECTORY.

BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD.

A. Marland, Agent.

ANDOVER TO BOSTON. A. M. 6:50 ex. ar. in Boston 7:28; 8:46 ex. ar. 9:05; 8:06 ex. ar. 8:23; 8:33 ex. ar. 9:18; 9:47 ex. ar. 10:37; 11:19 ex. ar. 12:05 P. M. 12:30 ex. ar. 1:15; 12:29 ex. ar. 1:30; 2:09 ex. ar. 3:02; 3:18 ex. ar. 4:15; 4:25 ex. ar. 5:20; 5:44 ex. ar. 6:42; 7:09 ex. ar. 8: 9:39 ex. ar. 10:30. SUNDAY: 7:49 ar. 8:48; 8:33 ar. 9:45; 12:29 ar. 1:30. M. 4:32 ar. 5:30; 5:53 ar. 7:51 ar. 8:55. All subject to accommodation.

BOSTON TO ANDOVER. A. M. 6:00 ex. arrive in Andover 7:02; 7:50 ex. ar. 8:23; 9:30 ex. ar. 10:24; 10:25 ex. ar. 11:30. P. M. 12:00 ex. ar. 12:44; 12:02 ex. ar. 12:53; 2:15 ex. ar. 3:00; 2:30 ex. ar. 3:42; 3:20 ex. ar. 4:05; 4:02 ex. ar. 5:00; 5:00 ex. ar. 5:45; 6:00 ex. ar. 6:35; 6:35 ex. ar. 7:31; 7:00 ex. ar. 7:53; 11:00 ex. ar. 11:50. SUNDAY: A. M. 8:00 ex. ar. 9:06. P. M. 5:30 ex. ar. 6:14; 6:00 ex. ar. 6:47; 7:00 ex. ar. 8:05.

ANDOVER TO LOWELL. A. M. 7:46 arrive in Lowell 8: 13 ar. 9:00; 9:51 ar. 10:35; 10:35 ar. 11:00; 11:10 ar. 11:30. P. M. 12:20 ar. 1:03; 1:35 ar. 2:35; 2:44 ar. 3:12; 3:18 ar. 3:45; 4:25 ar. 5:05; 5:50 ar. 6:15; 7:12 ar. 7:42; 9:30 ar. 10:10. SUNDAY: A. M. 7:49 ar. 8:13; 8:33 ar. 9:18. P. M. 12:20 ar. 12:50; 4:32 ar. 5:00; 5:53 ar. 6:25; 7:51 ar. 8:20.

LOWELL TO ANDOVER. A. M. 7:10 ar. in Andover 7:32; 7:35 ar. 8:23; 8:35 ar. 9:00; 11:00 ar. 11:30. P. M. 12:15 ar. 12:44; 1:00 ar. 1:23; 3:00 ar. 3:42; 3:40 ar. 4:05; 5:10 ar. 5:45; 6:15 ar. 6:47; 6:55 ar. 7:31; 11:10 ar. 11:45. SUNDAY: 8:20 ar. 9:06. P. M. 5:40 ar. 6:14; 7:30 ar. 8:05.

ANDOVER TO LAWRENCE. A. M. 7:02, 7:32, 8:23, 9:00, 10:24, 11:30. P. M. 12:44, 1:23, 3:00, 3:42, 4:05, 5:00, 5:45, 6:47, 7:31, 7:53. SUNDAY: A. M. 9:06. P. M. 6:14, 6:47, 8:05.

LAWRENCE TO ANDOVER. A. M. 6:40, 7:30, 7:55, 8:20, 9:35, 9:40, 10:20, 11:00. P. M. 12:15, 12:17, 1:10, 2:00, 2:35, 3:00, 4:15, 5:40, 7:02, 7:05, 9:30. SUNDAY: 7:40, 8:15. P. M. 12:10, 4:25, 5:37, 7:44.

*From South side.

ANDOVER TO SALEM. A. M. 7:32 arrive in Salem 8:40. P. M. 12:53 ar. 2:03; 5:45 ar. 6:55.

SALEM TO ANDOVER. A. M. 7:00 arrive in Andover 8:33; 11:32 ar. 1:35. P. M. 4:43 ar. 5:50; 6:00 ar. 7:12. Via Wakefield Junction, 10:35 ar. 11:30; 1:55 ar. 3:00.

GOING EAST. A. M. 7:02 H. 7:32 N. 8:23, 9:00, 10:24 H. P. M. 12:53 N. 1:23, 3:42 N. 4:05, 5:45, 6:47 N. 7:53 H. SUNDAY: A. M. 9:06 H. P. M. 6:47, 8:05 H.

H. to Haverhill only. N. connects to Newburyport.

GOING NORTH, VIA MANCHESTER. A. M. 8:20. P. M. 12:44, 3:00, 5:45. SUNDAY: A. M. 9:06. P. M. 6:47.

ANDOVER POST OFFICE.

WM. G. Goldsmith, P. M.

MAILS CLOSE: for Boston, New York, South and West, 7:20, 12:45; for Lawrence, 8:00, 3:45; for East, 8:45; for North, 8:20, 3:45.

MAILS OPEN: from Boston, 8: 9: 1:30, 4:30, 5: 7:15; from Lawrence, 8:30, 1:30, 6: 7:45; from East, 1:30, 7:45; from North, 1:30, 6:.

HOURS: T. A. M. to 8 P. M. Money order office, 8 A. M. to 5:30 P. M. Legal Holidays, open 8 to 9:30 A. M.

THE CHURCHES.

SOUTH CHURCH.

zed 1711. Rev. J. J. Blair, pastor. Morning 10:30; evening, 7:15; Wednesday evening, 7:30. SUNDAY SCHOOL, Geo. S. Minor, Supt., 11:45; OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR, Sunday evening, 7:30; SUNDAY SCHOOL, Peter D. Smith, Supt., 12; CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR, Wednesday evening, Sexton, Daniel W. Trow.

WEST CHURCH.

Organized 1826. Rev. Frederick W. Greene, pastor. Morning service, 10:30; evening, 7: at Osgood school-house, Sunday evening, 7: Friday evening, 7:30; SUNDAY SCHOOL, Peter D. Smith, Supt., 12; CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR, Wednesday evening, Sexton, Daniel W. Trow.

FREE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Organized 1846. Rev. F. B. Makepeace, pastor. Morning service, 10:30; evening, 7:30; Wednesday evening, 7:30. SUNDAY SCHOOL, John W. Bell, Supt., 11:45; CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR, Sunday evening, 6:30. Sexton, Stillman H. Harnden, Essex St.

CHAPEL CHURCH.

Organized 1865. Professors of Theological Seminary, pastors. Morning service, 10:30; afternoon, 3; Wednesday evening, 7: SUNDAY SCHOOL, Prof. W. B. Graves, Supt., 11:30. Sexton, F. M. Hill.

CHRIST CHURCH.

Organized 1855. Rev. Leverett Bradley, pastor. Morning service, 10:30; evening, 7:45. SUNDAY SCHOOL, 12; Children's service first Sunday in month, 3:30, in place of evening service. Holy Communion, first Sunday in month, 10:30, third Sunday, 9:30. Sexton, Geo. O. Hill, Sumner St.

CHURCH OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

Organized 1852. Rev. J. J. Ryan, pastor. Holy Communion, 8; High Mass and sermon, 10:45; Vespers, 7; SUNDAY SCHOOL, 12. Sexton, Joseph Keenan, at parsonage.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

Organized 1858. Rev. H. R. Wilbur, present supply. Morning service, 10:30; evening, 7: Wednesday evening, 7:30; SUNDAY SCHOOL, Chas. N. L. Stone, Supt., 11:45. Sexton, Henry A. Hill.

MEMORIAL HALL LIBRARY.

Opened 1873. Trustees: Joseph W. Smith, John Cornell, Joseph A. Smart, Francis H. Johnson, James B. Smith, E. K. Jenkins, W. F. Draper. Librarian, Ballard Holt. Library open, except Wednesdays and holidays, 3 to 5, and 6:30 to 9 P. M. Reading-room open every week-day, except Wednesdays and holidays, 8:30 A. M. to 12:30 P. M. and 6:30 to 9 P. M. Wednesdays, 8:30 to 10 A. M., and 6:30 to 9 P. M.

ANDOVER NATIONAL BANK.

Organized 1826. Capital, \$250,000. Edward Taylor, President; Moses Foster, Cashier; E. R. Foster, Teller; J. Tyler Kimball, Book-keeper. Hours, 9 to 12; 2 to 3. Closed Saturday afternoon, and legal holidays.

ANDOVER SAVINGS BANK.

Moses Foster, President; John F. Kimball, Treasurer. Hours, 9 to 12; 2 to 4. Closed on Wednesdays and legal holidays. Quarter-days on the third Wednesdays of March, June, September, and December, when the bank is open.

THE MARKETS.

Local Retail Markets.

Corrected Weekly by Andover Dealers.

Flour, Haxall.	\$5.50 to \$6.00
St. Louis.	4.75 to 5.50
Corn, per bag.	1.50
Meal "	1.40
" out, per lb.	3 1-2 c. to 4 1-2 c.
Oats, per bag.	95 c. to 100 c.
Shorts, per 100 lbs.	\$1.20 to \$1.25
Tea.	25 c. to 80 c.
Coffee.	25 c. to 35 c.
Sugar, gran.	7 1-2 c. to 8 c.
" brown.	1-2 c. to 7 c.
Butter.	22 c. to 32 c.
Cheese.	16 c. to 17 c.
Eggs.	15 c. to 34 c.
Lard.	9 c. to 10 c.
Potatoes, per bu.	to \$1.50
Onions, " peck.	40 c.
Beans.	60 c. to 75 c.
Cranberries, per bu.	\$2.50 to 3.20
Apples, per bbl.	\$1.50 to 2.50
Ham, per lb.	12 c. to 14 c.
Pork, roast.	14 c.
" salt.	12 c.
Beef, roast.	10 c. to 28 c.
" steak.	15 c. to 28 c.
Mutton, "	10 c. to 25 c.
Lamb roast.	19 c. to 20 c.
" chops.	15 c. to 25 c.
Veal.	10 c. to 20 c.
Sausages.	12 to 14 c.
Chickens.	15 c. to 25 c.
Fowls.	20 c.
Turkeys.	17 c. to 20 c.
Codfish.	6 c. to 10 c.
" dry.	7 c. to 11 c.
Smelts.	10 to 15 c.
Halibut.	16 c. to 25 c.
Haddock.	6 c. to 8 c.
Clams, per qt.	25 c.
Oysters, "	30 c. to 40 c.
Hay, per 100 lbs.	85 c. to \$1.00
Straw, " "	\$1.05 to \$1.10
Coal, furnace, per ton.	\$8.25
" egg.	\$8.50
" stove.	\$9.00
Wood, hard, per cord.	\$6.50 to \$7.00
" soft.	\$5.00

Money Market.

Stock Quotations reported by GUILD, HALL, and Co., No. 7 Exchange Place, Boston, for the week ending.

	At 3 P. M., Thursday, Jan. 26, 1888.	Lowest.	Highest.	Closing.	Bid.	Asked.
Atchison.	93 3-4	95 1-4	94 7-8	95		
Atlantic & Pacific.	10 1-4	10 3-8	10 1-8	10 3-8		
C. B. and Q.	128	129 1-2	129	129 1-4		
Central of Mass.	21	22	21	21 1-2		
Cent. of Mass. (pref.)	41	42 1-8	40 1-2	41 1-2		
Mexican Central.	14	14 5-8	14 1-2	14 5-8		
Mexican 4's.	65 1-2	66 7-8	66 1-4	66 3-8		
N. Y. and N. E.	36 1-8	37 3-4	37 3-8	37 1-2		
Union Pacific.	55 1-2	57 1-4	56 3-4	57		
Wisconsin Central.	17 1-2	17 3-4	17	17 1-2		
Calumet & Hecla.	210	216	214	215		
Kearsarge.	6 1-2	7 3-4	6 1-2	6 3-4		
Oscoda.	22 1-8	25	22	22 1-2		
Tamarack.	145	160	145			
Water Power.	7 3-4	8	7 3-4	7 7-8		
Frenchman's Bay.	8 3-4	9 3-4	8 7-8	9		
San Diego.	48	51	50	51		
West End.	23 1-8	24 5-8	24	24 1-4		
Topeka.	7	7 1-4	7	7 1-4		
Bell Telephone.	217	225	222	223		
Pullman Car.	142	142				

We are requested to copy the following very sensible remarks on office seeking, and they are certainly very timely "about these days."

Let the office seek the man. It has come to a strange pass in this country in that the man who gets office must spend weeks and months in securing a nomination and then his whole time and more or less money in trying to induce people to vote for him. To do this he must have a brazen cheek and be void of all sense of decency. Hence our best men turn away from all thoughts of office holding, not being willing to sacrifice manliness and self respect, for the sake of brief official honor, and a few paltry dollars of salary. The consequence is that official position falls into the hands of third and fourth rate men and the people's interests suffer greatly thereby. The very fact that a man is personally seeking after office ought to be enough to condemn him in the opinions of all honest men. No man is fit for any office who will go around buttonholing voters in drinking-saloons or elsewhere, trying to make himself all things to all men, to get office.

At the Supreme Court yesterday Judge Hoar asked the court to detail one of its justices to supervise the form in which Professor Smyth's case appealed, from the Andover "Visitors", should be presented before the full bench. Chief Justice Morton, after consultation with his associates, replied that he hoped the counsel would be able to agree in regard to the matter, so that a speedy trial might be secured.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is prescribed and recommended by eminent physicians, and is taken with perfect safety by young and old. Its cleansing and vitalizing effects are sure and speedy, and it is universally conceded to be the most effective of all blood purifiers.

Special Notices.

Burns Anniversary at the Town Hall to-night.

The Steamer Company will have another of its assemblies at the Town Hall to-morrow night.

West Parish Juvenile Missionary Society will meet at the house of Mr. Joshua Chandler Saturday afternoon.

Advertised Letters, Jan. 23, 1888.

Persons calling will please give the date of this list.

Buckley, B. 2. Loyd, H. M.
Bradley, Ira 2. Loud, Bessie
Cheaney, A. P. Mullins, Lizzie
Doyle, Frank. Milles, Lizzie
Eaton, F. A. McCormick, E.
Flint, E. F. Malone, L. J.
Fay, Sam. A. Shattuck, Geo.
Horsneau, Rose. Shehan, Dan
Hill, M. A. Stevens, W. O.
Hardy, C. A. Wheeler, Fannie E.
Weymouth & Quimby

WILLIAM G. GOLDSMITH, P. M.

MARRIAGES.

In North Andover, Jan. 21, by Geo. L. Weil, Esq. Mr. Charles H. Jowett and Miss Margaret A. Taylor, both of Andover.

DEATHS.

In Boston, at the Mass. General Hospital, Jan. 23, Francis J. McAvoy, son of Mr. James McAvoy of Ballardvale.

Rev. Chas. S. Mills has resigned at Springfield, Vt., in order to accept his call to the North Brookfield pastorate.

Mr. C. H. Jowett son of Supt. Jowett of the Marland Mills was married on Saturday last to Miss Maggie Taylor daughter of Mr. Thomas Taylor of Marland Village.

W. B. Estes and O. E. Power are the new blacksmiths who will open a shop in the rear of the livery stables.

Edmund Law had three fingers caught in the gear of a fulling mill at Marland Mills last Wednesday, and badly jammed.

The Seamen's Friend Society of the West church met at Rev. Mr. Greene's, last evening, and notwithstanding the cold and windy night, fifty-five were present and the evening pleasantly spent.

The Weber Quartette will be here Feb. 10.

Mr. Alfred S. Byers has been appointed to the position of paymaster at the Washington Mills, Lawrence. This is a well earned position for Mr. Byers, who has been with the company but little over a year, and the congratulations he is receiving are deserved. The early business training of this young and new paymaster of a great corporation was obtained at a Boston Business College and Cannon's school in Lawrence. He served a short time in the post office, and later as paymaster of the Craighead and Kintz Mfg. Co. at Ballardvale. His health has been the only drawback to the success that has attended Mr. Byers thus far, and we look to see this obstacle removed so that a life possessing so much usefulness may attain yet greater results.

Cupid's darts will fly, and dainty dishes of light edibles will be served, at the Free church vestry on the evening of St. Valentine's day. This means a novel entertainment prepared by the Young Peoples Society.

Miss Blanche S. Poor entertained a party of friends at her home on Main St. last Tuesday evening. A "bagem" party was the enigma of the invitation and the solving of the enigma afforded much amusement to the assembled guests.

The latest phase of the hotel project for the centre, that has been talked of so much the past few months, is to purchase the Hazen property and remodel and enlarge it. Prominent men in town are said to be interested in the movement.

James Noonan was last night re-elected clerk of the Lawrence Board of Overseers of the Poor and Frank Spalding Superintendent of the Alms-house.

Lawrence asks the Legislature to have Essex County reimburse the city for a part of the expense incurred in building the Andover and Lawrence bridges, now known as the Broadway and Union Street bridges. The entire cost of the former was \$67,000 and the estimated cost of the latter, \$70,000.

Pentecost and Stebbins have nearly completed their fourth week of evangelistic meetings in Lawrence. The attendance upon them has steadily increased.

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, FANCY GOODS, Silk & Pure Linen Handkerchiefs,

Gloves, Dressing Cases, Vases,
Lamps, Mirrors, Bread and
Milk Sets, Crockery Sets.

Also a fine line of

California Fruit Confects, Nuts, Fruits, Prunelles &c. SMITH & MANNING,

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ANDOVER, MASS.

Come and See

what we can offer you in

Silk Handkerchiefs,
Mufflers, Kid, Dog-skin
and Castor Gloves,
Lined and Unlined.

ENGLISH, ANGORA & KNIT
GLOVES

In all the Popular Colors,

Office & Tennis Coats,
Neckwear & Underwear

OF ALL KINDS.

J. M. Bradley,

TAILOR, CLOTHIER, & FURNISHER.

MAIN STREET, ANDOVER.

MERRIMACK

Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

ANDOVER, MASS.

Incorporated 1828.

This Company continues to insure Dwellings, Barns, and their Contents, and Store Buildings at fair rates, and is now paying dividends as follows:

80 per cent on five-year policies.
40 per cent on three-year policies.
25 per cent on one-year policies.

Wm. S. JENKINS, Pres.

J. A. SMART, Sec.

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DEALER IN

COAL, WOOD, HAY, AND STRAW.

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YARD:

Near the Freight Station of Boston and Maine Railroad.